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01x10 - Queens of the Road

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01x10 - Queens of the Road

by **bunniefuu**

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[Liberty Diner. As Mike and David exit and walk down the street.]

David: Michael, I have this fantasy...

Michael: Uh, huh.

David: It's sunday morning and I'm lying in bed. And I hear the thumb of the newspaper at the door and the sun coming through the window...

Michael: Yeah?

David: And in the distance I hear the sound of someones singing very quietly, because they one won't wake me up.

Michael: Well, that's considering, I think.

David: And as I look across the room I see through the frosty glass of the shower the shape of the guy that I love.

Michael: Am I conditioning my hair at the time?

David: I've beenin' serious, Mike!

Michael: I know, I'm sorry. Sounds nice.

David: It is nice. It can be nice. It will be nice when you movin' in with me.

Michael: Hey, do you know X-Men is out on DVD?

David: You haven't given me an answer yet.

Michael: I've been thinking about it.

David: And?

Michael: Well, it's a big step.

David: Yes, it's a big step. Of course it's a big step and I don't wanna pressure on you but I just believe that when somebody knows what they want, they should go after it. I want you to be coming out of that shower. And I want to know that you're not going to run out. Wouldn't you like that to?

Michael: Well, sure.

David: So when did I get an answer?

Michael: Soon. I promised. Are you still coming to lunch tomorrow?

David: I can't handly wait.

Michael: David?

David: Yeah?

Michael: No one's ever put me in a fantasy before.

David: That you know of.

[The Happy Fun House. Lindsay's raking leaves as Melanie stands by, holding the baby. They wave to a straight couple pushing a stroller in front of the house.]

Lindsay: They have the most beautiful baby.

Mel: Second most beautiful.

Lindsay: Do you know he's an stay-home dad?

Mel: Really? So, who's payin' for the Pampers?

Lindsay: She does. She sell stocks via Internet. Anyway I was just thinkin'... I'd like to stay home.

Mel: That sounds good. We can order Chinese food and rent Terms of Endearment.

Lindsay: You know what I mean!

Mel: What about your job?

Lindsay: Do you think anyone ever looks back on their life and said, 'Gee, I wish I hadn't taken that year off to be with the baby.'

Mel: Well I though we had a plan. A good plan. After your matornety leaves up, then we get a Nanny.

Lindsay: I know, I know. I know, but I never thought I'd be in love like this.

Mel: Look, I'm perfectly happy for you stay at home. I think it would be wonderful for Gus to have one of his mommies around him but we have to be practically.

Lindsay: Money.

Mel: Unless you have a solution.

Lindsay: Brian? It was just a suggestion.

Mel: After what he did?

Lindsay: Just remember, we wouldn't have Gus without him.

Mel: And every time I look at him, hold him, kiss him, I realize I have absolutely no rights.

Lindsay: You still his parents every bit as much as I am.

Mel: Not every bit. Brian took that away from me. I have no more claims to our son than if he was a total stranger.

[Brian's loft. Justin's giving Daphne the grand tour.]

Daphne:Oh my god! He lives here?

Justin: Now I do too. Isn't that cool? Check out the TV. And the DVDs. The furniture is all Italian. From Milan. Wait until you see the picture of the naked guy.

[Just then, Brian opens the bathroom door...naked. Daphne gets some full-frontal Brian.]

Daphne: Oh... oh, my god...

Brian: Justin, a word?

[Justin's fairly amused by all this, and joins him back in the bedroom.]

Brian: What the f*ck is goin' on out there?

Justin: I just give my friend Daphne a tour.

Brian: This is not the White House! George Washington never slept here.

[Daphne surreptitiously checks out Brian's butt.]

Justin: He's the only one who hasn't.

Brian: Would you please keep it down? Do you have any idea what time it is?

Justin: It's noon.

Brian: Oh sh*t, I was supposed to meet my new trainer.

Justin: [goes to Daphne] You're just going to have to be more considerate, Daph.

Brian: Does either one of you knew how to make creatine and soy protein shake?

Justin: No.

Brian: Well, would you please just pour me some guava juice?

[Justin shrugs and heads to the kitchen, Daphne adorably following him.]

Daphne: So your goin' home today?

Justin: What for?

Daphne: Well I saw the balloons on the mailbox.

Justin: Oh sh*t, Molly's birthday. How can I go back now?

Daphne: She's your little sister. I'm sure she misses you.

Justin: Yeah, she's probably appropriated on my old stuff.

[Brian walks up to the kids, and Daphne hands him his guava juice, smiling shyly. Brian smiles at her.]

Brian: You'd make an excellent wife. [to Justin] Then she can drop you.

Daphne: Please. I'm never going to get married. Why be tied down?

Brian: I love this girl.

[Brian puts on his sunglasses, grabs his gym bag.]

Brian: So, I'm goin'. What are you're doin'?

Justin: Gonna smoke some weed. Download porn.

Brian: Well, if you go out, just make sure you set the alarm.

[Brian kisses Daphne on the cheek.]

Brian: Bye-bye, Darling.

[He leaves the loft.]

Daphne: Oh my god! He's to die for!

[At Michael's place, Emmett's just heard the news. He's crying with joy.]

Emmett: Honey, I'm so happy for you. When did he ask?

Michael: Last week.

Emmett: Last wee... Last week?! Why didn't you tell me?

Michael: I haven't told anyone. I haven't decided yet.

Emmett: What's to decide? The man of your dreams wants you to move in with him!

Michael: I don't know if we're ready. We don't know each other very well, and I don't know if we're ready.

Emmett: Well, there's plenty of time for that once you move in together!

Michael: What about my stuff? My comics, my robots, my Captain Astro?

Emmett: f*ck Captain Astro! You've got Dr. David.

Michael: This is still my home.

Emmett: This dump? Honey, you won't look back.

Michael: And what about you guys? If I'm living with someone I won't be able to see you.

Emmett: Of course you will. I for one, expect to be invited to fabulous dinner parties at least once a week. [he's sitting beside the couch] This is about what certain someone is going to say, isn't it? Well, I say that you deserve to be loved. And don't let any man, queen or Brian take that away from you.

Michael: Thanks, Em.

Emmett: You're welcome. And there's just one other thing. What about me? How the hell I'm supposed to pay the rent on this place all by myself?

[The back yard of the Taylor Manse. Jennifer's holding forth at Molly's birthday party, helping the little girl blow out the candles on her cake. Molly blows out the candles, and Jennifer smiles.]

Jen: You're going to get your wish!

[Justin walks down into the back yard. Jennifer hugs him.]

Jen: Sweetheart. You came!

Justin: I couldn't miss Molly's birthday. Where's dad?

Jen: Oh he's upstairs and watching the game. Kids partys aren't certainly his thing.

Molly: Justin!

Justin: Happy birthday, Molly.

Molly: Whatcha gonna give me?

Justin: Permission to live.

[And then hands her a rolled-up piece of sketch paper, tied with a string. Molly unrolls it, and it's a drawing of her. Molly half-heartedly smiles and walks back to her friends.]

Jen: Justin, this is beautiful. Are you alright? Are you eating?

Justin: Doesn't look like I'm starving?

Jen: But you are staying for diner.

Justin: It depends if dad wants to see me.

Jen: Of course he wants to see you. He's as upset about this as much as you are.

Justin: Really?

Jen: He wants you to come home as I do.

Justin: I wanna come home to.

Jen: God Justin, I'm so glad to hear you say that. It's good news.

Justin: Wait. What about the rules?

Jen: Which rules?

Justin: Not going out, not seeing Brian, not talking about my 'disgusting lifestyle'?

Jen: I don't think he meant it quite that way.

Justin: Well, what did he mean?

Jen: I think he just wants everything to be as it was.

Justin: But it can't be the way it was. I'm not the way I was.

Jen: And I don't want you to be anything other than who you are. I have to consider the needs of the whole family, not just your desires. You have to understand this.

Molly: Mom! Mom!

[Jen gives Justin one last woeful look before leaving him in the back yard.]

[The elevator to Brian's penthouse. Brian's managed to seduce his personal trainer, and makes out with him as the elevator climbs to the top floor. They pull away from each other as the elevator makes it to Brian's floor.]

Brian: And that was just the warm-up. Now we'll do some serious pumping. Focusing on each muscle group, and plenty of reps.

[Brian hears his phone beeping like it's off the hook. He can hear this because the door's open, and the door's open because someone broke in and stole everything.]

Brian: The f*cking television is gone. And my computer. Oh f*ck, my files. And all of my f*cking clothes.

Trainer: At least the bed's still here.

[Cut to a pair of policemen taking Brian's statement.]

Police Officer: Have you had any strangers in the house lately?

[A montage follows of, like, eight guys, one after the other, walking into the loft, including a pair of twins, one with a t-shirt that says "Catcher," the other which says, "Pitcher."]

Brian: Uh, no, just family and close friends.

[Cut to Mike, calling Brian.]

Michael: So do you want me pick you up or do you want me to meet at Woody's?

Brian: f*ck Woody's. I've been robbed.

[The screen splits to show Brian in the loft and Mike in his apartment.]

Brian: Get your a*s over here.

[Mike runs out of his apartment and into Brian's screen. Justin leans forlornly against the couch.]

Brian: Forgot to set the alarm?

Justin: I though I did.

Brian: Well, you did or you didn't? Where the f*ck did you go?

Justin: My sisters birthday party. And then I kinda walked around.

Brian: Well, while you were kinda walking around, I was kinda robbed!

Michael: Take it easy.

Brian: That's all there is left to take!

Justin: Look, I didn't mean to do it. I'm so sorry.

Brian: I told you when I said you can stay here there are rules. Now you've got five minutes to pack your sh*t, none of which of course was stolen, and get the f*ck out of here!

[Brian stomps away as Justin slowly gathers his things under Mike's worried eye.]

[At Debbie's.]

Michael: Brian got robbed.

Vic: Brian should move in a safer neighborhood.

Debbie: Like this one. I leave my door unlocked, and nothing gets taken.

Michael: Not many people are looking for a black velvet matador painting and a TV console from 1968, Ma.

Debbie: Those things happen to be very collector's items these days.

Vic: So have you any idea who did it?

Michael: No, but Brian's sure pissed at Justin.

Debbie: Poor Sunshine.

Vic: Here have some pancakes.

Michael: I can't. I have some brunch.

Debbie: A brunch? My are we fency!

Vic: It's just like breakfast, except with a slice of kiwi on the side.

Debbie: Are you goin' to David, my Chiropractor-in-law?

Michael: Don't you start to.

Debbie: Start with? All I did was ask.

Michael: Next thing you'll want to know is if we're moving in together.

Debbie: Wait a minute. Backup. He ask you?

Michael: Yes, he ask.

Debbie: [to Vic] Did you hear that? He ask you? Oh, Michael, that's wonderful!

Vic: Congratulations, Michael.

Debbie: Oh, I've got some beautiful heirlooms piece your grandmother gave me. I've been saving up just for you.

Michael: Don't drag out the candle sticks, I didn't say yes.

Debbie: What did you say?

Michael: Well, I said I think about it.

Debbie: What's to think about?!

Vic: Plenty. I remember it took Roberto and me six months to finally decide to live together. And a week to break up.

Debbie: Well, how did you know he was still seeing three of his exes? [She covers Mike's ears.] And why do have to fill the kid's head with horror stories.

Vic: I'm just sayin' it's not so easy for two men to be a couple.

Debbie: You think it's easy for anybody? But if you love each other you at least owe it to yourselves to try.

[More split-screen action. In one, Melanie and Ted are at Ted's house. Color is red.]

Mel: You didn't have to make brunch.

[Second, an older man turns around, lifting a plate of ham. Color green.]

Men#1: Brunch is served.

[Brian's loft. Lindsay lifts a bag of bagels, Gus, and smiles. Color yellow.]

Lindsay: I brought brunch!

Brian: Four of my Armany suits. Four Guvy belts and six shoes are gone. I'm beginning to suspect g*y-on-g*y crime.

Lindsay: Well, I'm not surprised. You have more visitors than Disney World. I can't find a knife for the cream cheese.

Brian: Yeah well, they stole that to.

Lindsay: They stole your cutlery?

Brian: Even the state-of-the-art juicer. Who the f*ck steal that?

Lindsay: A thief with good taste?

[At Ted's. Ted's cooking.]

Mel: I didn't know you can cook.

Ted: Yes, someday I'm going to make some lucky man the perfect wife.

Mel: I used to say the same thing.

Ted: But instead, you've made someone the perfect husband.

[Mike and David are having brunch with the Oldest g*y Couple in the World. One of them, with short white hair.]

Men#1: These days your boys so careful about what you eat. All those egg-wides and protein bars.

Men#2: I suspect that it has less to do with keeping healthy, and more to do with keeping those twenty-nine-inch waists.

David: C'mon, your guys on great shape.

Men#1: Oh, we try to stay active. If you know what I mean.

[Back at the loft.]

Lindsay: I hope they find who's responsible.

Brian: I know who's responsible. That little as*h*le who forgot to set the alarm.

Lindsay: As if you never forgot anything!

Brian: Nothing that important.

[Brian and Lindsay's screen closes up as Ted and Melanie's opens.]

Mel: I just want Lindsay to be happy. And that's all I've ever wanted.

Ted: I think it's great that she stay at home with the baby. But on your salary alone I don't see how did it work.

Mel: Maybe if I took on a bigger case load or... what if we used our expenses?

Ted: It's though with another mouth to feed.

[Back with the Oldest g*y Couple in the World.]

David: They met in WW2.

Men#2: We're served on a warship.

Men#1: The Yorktown.

Men#2: Talk about your g*y cruise.

Men#1: There was this place behind the a*mo bay where you could get a blow job, anytime. Day or night.

Men#2: This was wartime. You could die at any moment.

Men#1: And sex was how you knew you were still alive.

[That scene slides over for Melanie and Ted.]

Ted: I know you don't wanna hear this, considering he wouldn't give your the parently rights...

Mel: I told Lindsay, Brian is not the solution to our problems -- he is the cause. And he can keep his g*dd*mn money.

Ted: Well, then is only one other possibility. [He hands her a folder.]

[Brian and Lindsay.]

Lindsay: So where is he?

Brian: Who?

Lindsay: Justin.

Brian: I don't know! He packed his sh*t and get the hell out.

[Melanie and Ted.]

Mel: You want me to use my inheritance that my father gave me?

Ted: Well if it's that important to you to have Lindsay stay home with the baby.

Mel: It's just that, that's my nest egg. It's all I have in case something should happen.

Ted: I know it's a though call. Believe me if there were any other way but I don't see that we have any other option.

[Back with the Oldest g*y Couple in the World.]

Men#1: We just came back from Bora Bora. We went there out fiftieth.

Michael: Fiftieth?

Men#2: Anniversary.

Michael: Holy sh*t!

Men#1: Yeah it amazes me to.

[Later, as the Old Guys clear the table, Mike whispers to David.]

Michael: I can't believe that they've been together for so long.

David: That's why I wanted you to meet them to see it's possible for two men to share a life together. That's what I'd like for us.

Men#2: Are you two planing to live together?

David: Michael hasn't decided yet. But I'm hoping.

Men#1: What's stoping you?

Michael: I got nerves, uncruses, I've got seasick.

Men#2: Listen, young man, living together ain't for sissies.

Men#1: Neither is getting old.

Men#2: And no matter what the problems or sacrifices are, it's worth it to have someone to share your life. And you're there to share his.

[Brian and Lindsay.]

Lindsay: You send him away?

Brian: Look, I did him a favor and this is how he repays me?

Lindsay: He didn't do it on purpose.

Brian: Would you please stop making excuses for him?

Lindsay: Sorry. Must be a force of habit.

[Lindsay gathers up the baby and gets ready to go.]

Brian: Where are you goin'?

Lindsay: It's time for Gus'es brunch.

Brian: I thoughed you want to help me with the list.

[Lindsay turns back, grabs the pen from his hand]

Lindsay: Oh, yeah. There's one valuable item missing that can't be replaced.

[She scribbles something on the notepad, and walks out. Brian looks down at the page and sees the word "Justin" scrawled on it.]

[Liberty Diner. Daphne and Justin are having lunch.]

Daphne: You're such a big dramatic queen.

Justin: That's 'drama queen.' And do you have a better idea?

Daphne: You stay in my house.

Justin: I'm sure your parents will loved that.

Daphne: What you gonna do in New York?

Justin: Model?

Daphne: You're skin enough. You must have perfect hair.

Justin: Or I could be a go-go boy. I've seen one in Babylon. I can make like a hundred bucks a night.

Daphne: I can go with you! I can shake it up, to.

Justin: That would be great! You and me!

Daphne: Except. I have to be home by eleven.

Justin: Well, I'm goin'. Look at this. It's his confirmation number. I charge the ticket.

Daphne: Since when do you have a credit card?

Justin: I took Brian's.

Daphne: That's like a major felony or something. You can go to jail for that.

Justin: At least then I'd have a place to live. Besides I'm payin' back as soon as I got a job. I just got to get outta here. Now.
[Woody's. Mike's just told The Boys about The Old Guys.]

Emmett: Fifty years?

Brian: Poor suckers.

Emmett: You think they still do it?

Michael: At their age it's not about sex.

Brian: Yeah, it's about life support.

Ted: Have you ever thinking of an active sex life at any age?

Brian: Good, that means there's still hope for you. So, when are you and the Doc going to start massaging each other's prostates?

Emmett: Would you give him a break? He's having enough trouble making to decide it.

Mysterious Marilyn: Then why not consult Mysterious Marilyn?

[The Boys turn to see a drag queen in a long brown wig, sitting at the bar.]

Mysterious Marilyn: What'll it be, boys? Palms, tarot, spin around the Ouija? Only twenty bucks.

[Ted shrugs, walks over.]

Ted: Ten and not a peso more.

Mysterious Marilyn: Mysterious Marilyn senses you're an accountant.

Emmett: Oh, she's good! [And also runs over]

Mysterious Marilyn: You, the one with the boyfriend, sit. [Michael sits beside him.] You did your hand on the planchette, sweetheart. What is his true loves name? B...R...I...

Ted: Well this is to weird.

[Mike pulls his hands up.]

Michael: That is not my boyfriends name.

Mysterious Marilyn: That wasn't the question. And, frankly, he's a bad bet. Now let's ask about your boyfriend.

[Just as Mike and Marilyn are about to start, Daphne shows up.]

Daphne: [to Brian] Hey Justin's run away.

Brian: What are you talking about?

Daphne: He went to New York.

Mysterious Marilyn: With your credit card.

Brian: What?!

Daphne: He took your credit card.

Brian: That little f*ck.

Mysterious Marilyn: He's going to become a go-go boy in Chelsea. And he's going to be very successful.

Daphne: How do you know?

Mysterious Marilyn: God writes the scripts, sweetie. I just say the lines.

Daphne: You better find him and bring him back.

Mysterious Marilyn: I see you on the Pennsylvania turnpike.

Brian: The f*ck you do.

Mysterious Marilyn: And before you leave be sure to check the air in your tires.

Daphne: This is all your fault!

[She punches him in the shoulder.]

[Cut to the punch, but now it's someone else's hand. Brian yelps, and the camera pulls back to show Debbie this time.]

Debbie: This is all your fault!

Brian: Since when is he my responsibility?

Debbie: Since you took him home and f*cked him!

Michael: Ma, please!

Debbie: Well but it is the truth. You've gotten away with a lot -- more than you should -- but not this time. Now your goin' to New York.

Brian: The f*ck I am.

Debbie: And you bringing Sunshine back in exactly the same condition you found him. Otherwise, it's not just his parents and the police you're going to have to answer to, honey. You're going to have to answer to me!

Michael: Why do you care?

Debbie: Because I couldn't live with myself if something happened to that kid. I love him like my son. You're all my sons.

Ted: Thank you, Arthur Miller.

[Brian starts to laugh, but stops on a sharp look from Debbie.]

Ted: New York is a pretty big place. How are we supposed to find him?

Emmett: Daphne's said he's been in Chelsea.

Brian: I'm not goin' to New York.

Michael: Look, I go with you.

Debbie: What about your work?

Michael: Ma, I can miss a day.

Debbie: See, I never has to ask this kid for anything.

Ted: Well as long as the back seat's empty, I guess I might be in it.

Emmett: Yeah, yeah, count me in.

Brian: Why you guys wanna go?

Emmett: Why? Why?

Ted: How can you even ask that?

Emmett: Honey, you're one of our closest friends.

Ted: You're don't need do on the parenless journey all of your own.

Emmett: We're gonna with you all the way.

Brian: I'm really touched. What's the real reason?

Ted and Emmett: [chanting] Road trip! Road trip!

[Mike and Emmett's. While they're packing, Emmett pulls out a popper]

Emmett: Well, since it's going to be a bumpy night, maybe we should do a 'bump' and then stay up all night.

Michael: Put that sh*t away.

Emmett: Don't worry. I've got valium to come down.

Michael: If you're not careful, you're going to get addicted.

Emmett: Please. I've been doing this for years.

Michael: I don't know what clothes to take.

Emmett: Just pack your little black dress. It works for all occasions.

[Emmett then tears around.]

Emmett: Where is it?

Michael: What?

Emmett: The Broadway Album. Can't go to the Big Apple without Barbra.

[There's a knock, and Mike -- probably thinking it's Brian or Ted. -- open it.]

Michael: [chants] Road trip! Road trip!

[But it's David.]

David: I've got your message.

Michael: You didn't come all the way over here.

David: Of course I did. Now, what is this about a trip to New York?

[Emmett walks out of his room, holding two different pairs of colored leather pants.]

Emmet: Should I wear the black leather or the blue leather? David, Hi. Hey, you should come with us. After spending all night in Brian's jeep, boy, we are all really going to need...ha...adjustments.

[Emmett slinks back to his room.]

Michael: Justin ran away.

David: So you decided to form a search party.

Michael: Emmett and Ted and me.

David: And Brian. The Boys. We'll supposed to meet Mel and Lindsay.

Michael: Oh, sh*t. I'm sorry, I forgot.

David: Don't worry about it. You do what you have to do.

Michael: Thanks. And I've been thinking seriously, very seriously about... you know.

David: Living together.

Michael: Right.

David: You have a save trip. Wear your seatbelt. Goodbye Emmett!

[Emmett comes out of the room.]

Michael: I know it's goin' to be a bumpy night.

[Later, in the Jeep, Mike, Ted, and Emmett sing "The Boy from New York City" at the top of their lungs.

Brian -- trying to talk on his cell phone and drive at the same time]

Brian: Would you please shut the f*ck up! Not you, Ma'am.

Michael: Stop being such a party poop.

Brian: This is not a party.

Emmett: Still, a song and a snack can turn any moment into an occasion.

Brian: [to the phone] So there are haven't any charges on my card exept for the flight to New York? Yeah, let me know if there are. [he hangs on.]

Emmett: All right, let's sing some Barbra.

Ted: Nope, can't do Barbra unless you have the lyrics on the monitor.

Brian: If one of you start singing "People", I will leave you on the side of the road without stopping.

Michael: He's not kidding.

Emmett: All right, we've already shared all our 'big d*ck' stories. Discussed anti-g*y legislation.

Michael: What we think of Bette's new series.

Ted: Let's see we're been on the road... oh twenty seven minutes.

Emmett: Only 5 hours to k*ll.

Brian: If anyone can k*ll them, you can. God, I must be

out of my f*cking mind!

Michael: You wouldn't be saying that if we were going after the hottest guy in the world.

Brian: Yeah, that's because he'd be going after me.

Ted: So how we find little boy lost?

Emmett: Mysterious Marilyn said he was in Chelsea.

Brian: You don't really believe that sh*t!

Emmett: You know Brian, sometimes you just have put your faith in a higher power and trust that everything works out.

[On cue, one of the Jeep's tires blows.]

[The Happy Fun House. David sits at the dining-room table, as Melanie walks in with a bottle of wine.]

Mel: Running of to New York. There is an original excuse to cancel at the last minute.

[Lindsay, bringing candles to the table.]

Lindsay: It's probably a good thing that Mike get along. Just to make sure that Brian doesn't get distracted.

David: If you rather be alone...

Lindsay: Don't be silly. So it's just the three of us.

David: Not exactly what I had planed.

Mel: And we all know who to thank for things not working out as planned.

Lindsay: Honey, would you check...

Mel: ...on Gus? Yes. If you check on...

Lindsay: ...check on diner? No problem. David would you like some Morose or Chardone?

David: Oh Cardoné.

Mel: Oh and be sure you use...

Lindsay: ...the wine goblets your Aunt Esther gave to us.

David: You two are amazing.

Lindsay and Mel: We are?

David: Your like a synchronised swimmers. You think together, move together, finished the other sentense.

Lindsay: Well, that's what happens after six years; you...

Mel: ...become one.

David: I'd like that for Michael and me.

Lindsay: That will happen.

Mel: You two are a perfect fit.

David: I know. I might have pushed too hard. It might be why he ran away.

Lindsay: He'll be back.

Mel: And believe me, after a night with Ted, Emmett, and Brian, you'll be looking damn good.

David: Cheers to that.

[Meanwhile, by the side of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, The Boys gaze in despair at a very flat tire.]

Emmett: Mysterious Marilyn was right.

Michael: Hurra for her. So, now what do we do?

Emmett: Well, I could just lay out that well turned out ankle...

Ted: That'll don't work.

Emmett: Or I can change a tire.

[The boys are laughs.]

Brian: You cannot change a tire.

Emmett: I know that you all just think of me as this Nelly retail queen. But it just so happens that I make it my business to know anything there is to know about lug nuts.

Ted: Of course.

Emmett: Well like any good mechanic I need an assistant from the audience. You. [He points to Ted.] The lovely brunett in the front row. Come with me.

[Brian gestures to Mike to come a little farther away from Ted&Emmett, and pulls out a joint.]

Brian: I only have one, for you and me. Strong. [Michael coughs] I told you. So, here we are. Brian and Mikey's Excellent Adventure.

Michael: As sure it wasn't planned from my evening.

Brian: Yeah, how you think of spending it?

Michael: Go with David to diner with Lindsay's and Melanie's.

Brian: Aww, dinner parties! Couples! Christ, Mikey, is this the life I raised you to live? What happened to your sense of fun and your thirst for adventure?

Michael: I'm here with you, aren't I? Strand it on a Turnpike.

Brian: Yeah, that's what I'm going to miss the most -- times like this when it's just you and me. But now you have the Doc. So how big is his d*ck anyway?

Michael: I'm not gonna tell you.

Brian: So, when he comes, does he run to the shower, or does he still hold you, all wet and sticky?

Michael: He holds me. All wet and sticky.

Brian: I guess he does love you.

Michael: I don't know. I guess.

Brian: I'm glad you came with me.

Michael: But we're always been for each other.

Brian: You more than me.

Michael: That's not true.

Brian: I know I can be shitty to you, sometimes. I know that. But it's only because I know that you'll always love me, no matter what.

Michael: I do.

[As Emmett finishes changing the tire in the background, Brian smiles.]

Brian: I do, too. I always will. I don't know how I could have made it without you.

[He and Mike kiss, like, with tongues and everything.]

Emmett: Alright ladies, we're ready to go. Now!

[The Happy Fun House. Brian's Lesbians, dressed only in their underwear, are getting ready to go to bed.]

Lindsay: David's great, isn't he?

Mel: Michael's damn lucky. Let's just hope he doesn't blow it.

[Lindsay, pulling down the covers, discovers a card under the sheets.]

Lindsay: What's this? "This card entitles the bearer to one year off, to take care of the world's most beautiful baby."

Mel: I crunched the numbers.

Lindsay: But how?

Mel: It doesn't matter how. I made at work.

Lindsay: God, I have to say thanks.

Mel: You don't have to say anything.

[Lindsay gives her a big hug, and Melanie takes off her bra. They're just getting it on when the baby cries.]

Lindsay: I'm sorry, I'm...

Mel: It's okay, it's okay.

[Lindsay gets up to check on him, and Melanie flops into bed, thoughtfully gazing at the card.]

[New York City! The screen splits into three again, showing us the wonder of the city. The Boys wander

through Chelsea, T&E's jaws dragging on the ground.]

Emmett: My god, have you ever seen so many cute men in your life?

Ted: It's like a porn star convention.

Michael: [to Debbie on the cell phone] We're supposed to looking for Justin. We're haven't found him yet. OK. [he hangs up]

Emmett: Okay, I need a break. Let's hit a h*m* bar.

Ted: What about "The Lure": Leather, Uniform, Rubber.

Emmett: I have a problem with leather. It accentuates my hips.

[Brian, who's also on his cell phone, ends his call]

Brian: Fan-f*cking-tastic!

Michael: Good news.

Brian: Someone's using my credit card.

[He hails a cab.]

Brian: I meet you guys here in an hour.

[Ted, Emmett, and Mike look around, lost, until a group of hot men pass by.]

Emmett: It seems to me that we're headed in the wrong direction. Something's tellin' me this direction.

[In a really nice hotel room, Justin sits in bed, in a bathrobe, eating room service. There's a knock on the door. It's Brian, pissed. Off. Brian pushes past Justin, and takes in the room, including the five other plates of food on a table nearby.]

Justin: You want come in?

Brian: Why not? Since I'm payin' for it.

Justin: New York's amazing. I went clubbing last night until six in the morning. And the guys, whoo, the guys are --

Brian: Did you really think you come away with this?

Justin: I figured sooner or later someone would probably come and arrest me. But I was hoping that you would find me first.

Brian: Well congratulations. Now pack your sh*t because we're goin' back.

Justin: Back? Back to what? My parents don't want me. You don't want me. My life's a f*cking mess, Brian!

Brian: Yeah, well, whose isn't? I'll straighten it all out. First thing when we're get back when I find out a place to live.

Justin: Why can't I live with you?

Brian: Because my place is only big enough for one person, and that's me. Now listen up. We're going back to glories Pittsburgh. You're going back to school. You're going to turn eighteen. And you're going to pay back every cent you charged on my credit card.

Justin: By the way, I didn't go out clubby. I don't leave the room.

Brian: Don't worry, I won't tell anyone.

[Justin, watching Brian carefully.]

Justin: You look like sh*t. You should go take a shower.

Brian: I probably should. I must stink.

Justin: [whispers] Yeah.

[Brian pauses, and looks Justin, untying the robe and letting it fall to the floor.]

Justin: Sounds like you had a rough night. You need help.

[They have sex.]

[Back in Pittsburgh, The Boys plus Justin are gathered around Debbie's kitchen table. Debbie's sporting the anti-Sanrio shirt; hers has a caricature of a little devil, above which is written, "Hello Satan."]

Michael: What do you mean he standing here?

Debbie: I talked to his mom, she's all for it.

Michael: Well, I'm not!

Debbie: What do you care? You're moving in with David.

Michael: It's still my room. It's still got some of my things in it!

Debbie: Well, maybe you'd like to move some of your things out. Sunshine's going to need the closet space.

[Justin and Brian are trying not to laugh.]

Michael: [to Brian] This is all your fault! Thanks a f*cking lot!

Debbie: Wait a minute. Brian finally did something right.

[Brian kisses her on the cheek.]

Brian: Deb, that's the sweetest thing you're ever said to me.

Debbie: Don't press your luck.

Justin: Don't worry, I promise I'll take care of it

Michael: You better. Cause I'm be doin' unscheduled cheques. If anythings missin' or damaged.

Debbie: What don't you two boys ran along and let me explain the rules of the house to the newest member of our family.

Justin: More rules?

[Brian and Michael leaves.]

Debbie: Starting with -- no bringing tricks home after midnight.

[The next morning, at David's house]

David: Hey, the travelor returns. So how is New York?

Michael: I don't seen much of it.

David: Well, in a way, I'm glad. It gives me a chance to show it to you, myself. Can I...

Michael: ...get me something to eat?

David: You just finished my sentence.

Michael: Sorry.

David: No, that's nice. Nice. Go.

Michael: I've been thinking about ...

David: Moving in.

Michael: I've been thinking about practically the entire time.

David: And?

Michael: And I love you. I really do. But...

David: The answer is no?

Michael: I'm just not ready.

David: I...I understand.

Michael: You do?

David: All the excitement, the adventure of taking off in the middle of the night with your friends to

New York. Being with Brian. All the memories, the history -- I can't compete with that. No, all I have to offer is me. Us. This home.

Michael: Can we still be boyfriends?

David: We could be. But I don't want a boyfriend, Michael, I want a partner.

[Michael, holding back tears, nods woefully. He walks out, after turning back for one last look. David, in the living room, fantasizes about walking into the shower and

finding Mike.]

Dream-David: Morning beautiful.

Dream-Michael: I don't want to wake you. Come on in.

Dream-David: So, what are we going to do on this beautiful Sunday morning?

Dream-Michael: Well, I thought we'd make some breakfast, get the paper, and spend the rest of the day in bed.

[Cut back to Real David.]

David: [murmurs] Just what I had in mind.

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